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Vol. CXXXII. No. 1721 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JAN. 14, 1933

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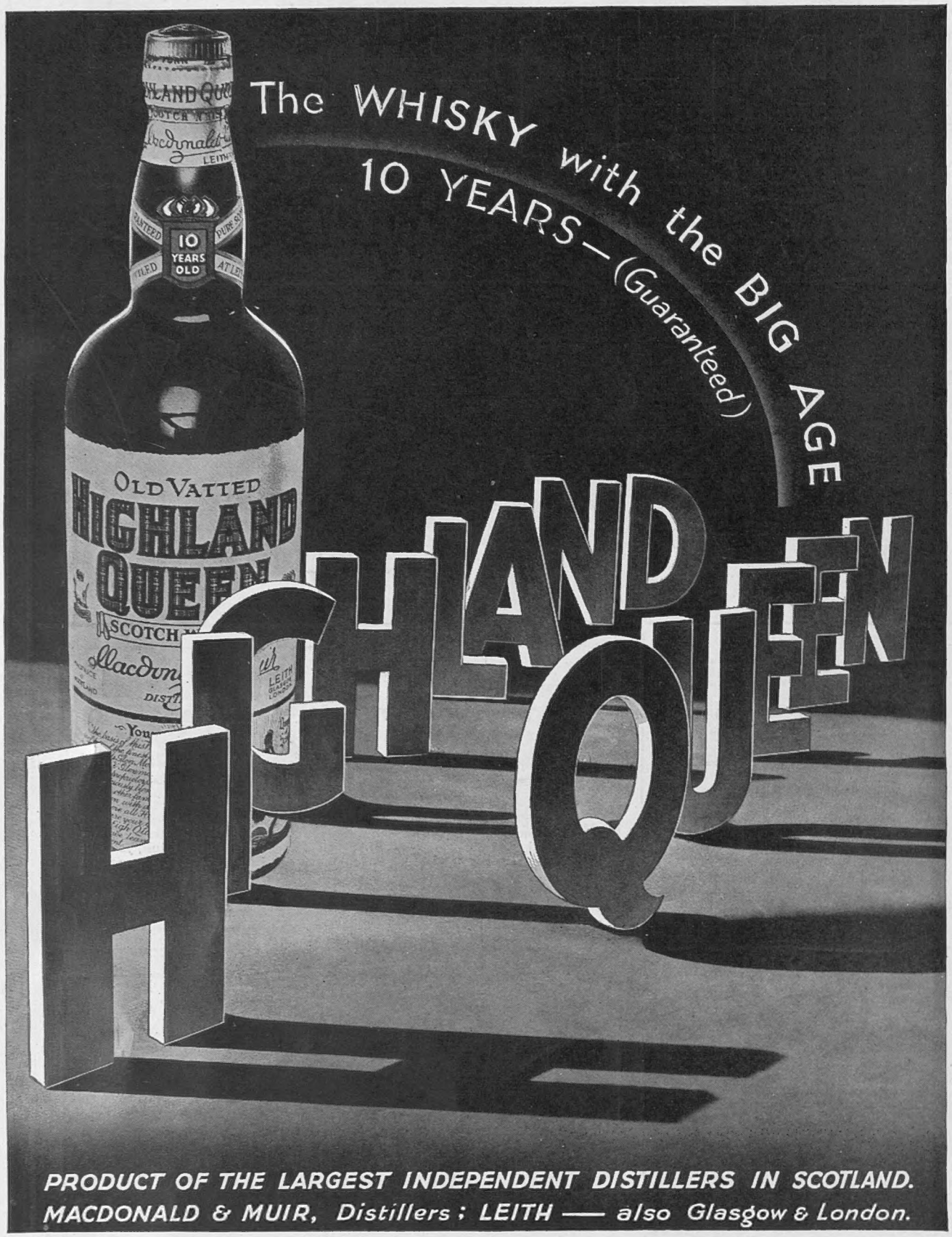


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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 14, 1933

# THE NEW UNIFORM WORN AT ALDERSHOT

## The Demonstration of the Much Criticized Experimental Design for the Land Force Uniform

The Second Battalion of the Queen's Royal Regiment, clad in the uniform so acidly criticized on its adoption, were inspected by Lieutenant-Colonel G. J. Giffard early this week. The uniform, which is intended only for active service, has several wide divergences from the usual kit, all of which, in traditional opinion, militate against military smartness. The tunic is cut on the lines of an officer's, with large patch pockets, lapels and an open neck, but collar and tie are not worn. The khaki shirt is of the cricket or tennis variety and the "spirals" of yesterday are replaced by canvas leggings on the U.S. model. The forage cap is replaced by a hat of easier fit and softer line while the trousers are cut fuller in the leg

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# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

*Special "Sphere" picture*

**THE CHILDREN'S LECTURES at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, were given this year by Professor Rankine. The lecturer is seen above demonstrating, by means of a crystal globe in which varying pressures can be created, to his enthusiastic juvenile audience, the manner in which clouds are formed by variations of atmospheric pressure**

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 11, 1933.

## CALVIN COOLIDGE.—

The American Presidency has a fairly short term, but it is a killing job; there are no ex-Presidents alive. Calvin Coolidge died a youngish man, yet with him passed the last link with Old World America. He was a typical Yank of New England, and the unanimity in the estimates of his character proves its simple directness. There was but one point of difference—the question of his sympathies with Europe. If he possessed any claim in that direction, it rests on one fact, that the Dawes Plan was achieved during his term. "Silent and cautious Cal" gave no other indication that he knew or cared for anything outside America any more than does a Middle West farmer. He knew indeed nothing but by hearsay outside New England. His "luck" was twofold. The hour came to the man, and favourable conditions made the hour prosperous. When Harding died, an honest man was (incredibly) first to hand in politics, by sheer luck in the right place. After that, it was as easy as falling off a log. Nothing could go wrong with America, and Coolidge who had uncommon horse-sense saw the value of saying nothing. He held his tongue, shook hands, and signed papers, while dollars multiplied and prosperity went mad. He died a poor man. A simple, honest, courageous, and very plain man was transformed into a statesman by a happy arrangement of circumstances.

## FIRE AND 'FLU.—

Some of the world's leading scientists have lately admitted that scientific invention is generations ahead of public education. The public mind is slow to absorb new inventions, and therefore fails to appreciate or derive full benefit from rapid advances in science. Einstein has issued a warning that it is time to call a halt in order that the beneficiaries—the public—may catch up. But if science must mark time along the main road, there is any amount of repair work and research work awaiting her behind on the finished road and in the byways. It is high time that the scientists should quit the task of speeding up communications, increasing recreational amenities and evolving new worlds, and devote their genius to the more sober task of consolidating what we have, and generally to making life safer instead of more rapid. And I suggest that they could find no more urgent campaign to-day than to attack and overcome two old enemies, fire (as old as time) and 'flu (as old as civilization). It is monstrous that we should boast of scientific progress while these two old enemies remain as powerful and destructive as ever. In the past few years the dismal tale of ships and country houses gutted by fire has been extraordinary. In the past four years we have records of ten major disasters by fire at sea, with a heavy toll of life and a financial loss totalling ten millions sterling. The unadvertised disasters by the same cause, occurring almost daily over the same period, bring the total financial loss to a figure which makes one gasp. And it seems quite clear that scientific invention applied to ships has increased rather than diminished the risk of fire. In the case of the *Georges Philippar*, an electrical short-circuit was accepted as the origin; in the latest disaster, the *Atlantique*, the most modern fire-fighting appliances proved utterly inadequate to meet the outbreak. Certain it is that the shipping and underwriting interests are at their wits' end and would subscribe to the argument that science should call a halt to dazzling progress and devote more time to making good the ground gained; so that the public may at least employ her inventions with safety, if it cannot appreciate them intellectually.

. . . .

And in the byways stalks eternally the menace of influenza. It has been a social evil under various names for generations. A century ago it was *la grippe*, and the cure was the sinister remedy of "cupping." We do not bleed its victims to-day, but we are as powerless as ever to prevent it and no quicker at curing it. In our commercial age we can and do compute its financial tribute levied on industry in terms of millions sterling during the winter months. It is difficult to reject the argument that while these two out of many persistent human ills continue to laugh at all combating efforts of science, science has little right to congratulate itself without reservation upon its recent and notable achievements in the cause of humanity. It is a nursery maxim, not discredited yet, that one should learn to walk with reasonable safety before trying to fly or even run. We are not walking with reasonable safety to-day, for, while Icarus grins under a garland, Prometheus remains clumsily and dangerously handling his discovery.

## THE IRISH ELECTION.—

The polling booths for the Free State elections to be held on January 24 are already being prepared for the duel of slogans—*vox et praeterea nihil*. If Mr. de Valera's announcement of the dissolution of the Dail came as a bombshell to outsiders, it was led up to by perfectly logical steps on his part. He was entitled to *say* that no British Government could be expected to resume serious negotiations for a lasting settlement of the Irish question so long as it believed that he (de Valera) stood between the Irish people and their firm desire to undo his policy and return to the *status quo ante* under the Cosgrave régime; and he is justified in *thinking* that the general election is better over before the economic consequences of his policy and stewardship in the very difficult times which face him are realized in all their grimness by his idealist supporters. Mr. de Valera is quite confident of the result. He believes that in his abrogations he expressed the majority will and that the support of Labour has not been withdrawn from him. He has the courage of his convictions, and despite the havoc caused to Irish agriculture and industry by a variety of causes of late, it is not impossible that he is justified. No one can deny that a definite verdict by the Free State people, pro or con the Valera policy, will immensely clear the air on both sides of the Irish Channel. For the issue is separatism, and a bitter struggle is likely either to give that policy free rein or to consolidate the conservative and constitutional elements in the Free State in a firmer alliance.

## NEW YEAR HONOURS.—

I promised myself a leisurely consideration of the New Year's Honours List. There were six new "best-selected" peers—an abnormally large new creation—representing Art, Medicine, Politics, Army, Industry, Diplomacy, whose initial letters form the appropriate words: AM PAID. *The Times* found this creation of peers an apt occasion for a "leader," having regard to the topicality of the question of House of Lords Reform. It declared with perfect truth that each of these gentlemen was admirably fitted to adorn the Upper House; each brings to its councils a magnificent experience of an important branch of social or political life; and no method of popular election can compare with the existing method of selection to produce this satisfactory result. Yet this very argument evokes a strong counter-argument. The existing method of selection imposes on posterity an untested and unselected group of hereditary legislators who may prove utterly incompetent and unfit for the dignity and responsibility properly given to their fathers. In the present case, from these six "best-selected" peers descend sons who have proved their worth and shown their fitness to succeed to their fathers' positions, and young men of promise who may and probably will make good. But we have no assurance that very young men of promise *will* make good, and as for the grandsons we can but hope and foster our faith in heredity. Indeed, the creation of hereditary peerages is a queer occasion on which to uphold the principle of selection against that of election—since it instantly evokes the charge of short-sightedness. I do not now believe that the Commons of this National Government will succeed in safeguarding our national institutions from reckless and ill-considered iconoclasm, by reforming the Upper House root and branch. I fear it will be left to receive within a decade a sudden and shameful death blow. This list of best-selected peers cries aloud for House of Lords reform and is the strongest argument for some (even experimental) system of life-peerages in the absence of an acceptable scheme of Senate representation. The hereditary system is, and has been for a generation, outworn.

. . . .

Among the lesser honours, Mr. Eric Maclagan's knighthood was a well-deserved reward for hard work, always directed by knowledge and taste. Mr. Richmond Palmer, Governor of Gambia, gained all his experience and has given the best years of an unadvertised life to West Africa; Mr. Leggett deserved his C.B. if any man does; and Mr. Harry Luke's sometimes stormy passage on his Majesty's Service in the Mediterranean, Near East and elsewhere, was deservedly ticked off with a knighthood.

**TO SAVE CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE: In order to save Carlton House Terrace from its threatened destruction, a defence committee has been formed under the leadership of Mr. J. C. Squire, the distinguished litterateur, critic, and sportsman, and the moving spirit of the *London Mercury*. A large number of notables, including many members of Parliament, have already enrolled themselves in this committee. Resentment at the high-handed action of the Crown Commissioners has been evidenced in the stream of letters to the public press—notably to *The Times*—which has continued without cessation for the last three or four weeks. Any of our readers interested in preserving Nash's masterpiece (illustrated on p. 55 of this issue) can get into touch with Mr. Squire, seen above discussing the matter with an active co-worker at his office at 229, Strand**

THE BOAR'S HEAD.—I have to apologize to the correspondent who asked me for the origins of the Boar's Head Christmas Ceremony at Queen's College, Oxford. The Boar's head as a dish of ceremony is not peculiar to Queen's and was a fashion at least 1,000 years ago. There are records of it at the coronation feast of Henry II in 1154, and history suggests that it came across with the Norsemen. Tradition usually adapts itself to a *fait accompli*, and there is no reason to put much faith in the traditional "origin" of the Queen's ceremonial:—that a student of the college, wandering in shot over forest studying Aristotle, was attacked by a boar which he choked off by cramming the volume down the beast's reluctant throat, and the brilliant observation "*graecum est.*" No doubt Queen's adopted a seasonable fashion which grew into a college tradition. For Queen's has ever basked in the smiles of Royalty and reflected its splendours. The college had its origin in the expressed wish of Edward III's Queen Philippa, and succeeding queens have left their portraits and green memories to the college right up to our own day. The victim of Christmas night is bred and fattened by a local farmer and its preparation for its hour of fame occupies many days and all the care and skill of the college manciple with forty years of experience and success behind him. It is pickled, salted, soaked, resalted, soaked again, boiled, trimmed, glazed, embellished, crowned; an orange is placed in its mouth, college banners in its chaps, and bay and rosemary are set round the great silver dish. Dinner is mediævally early. The hall is gloriously decorated, the Dons are on the dais serene. Provost says grace, a silver trumpet blares, the chorus chaunts:

*CAPUT APRI DEFERO, REDDENS LAUDES DOMINO.*

Enter boar, up centre. Provost divests him of his ornaments and the choir boys and select visitors share the spoils. Exit boar, down throats of Dons aforesaid, *quot sunt in convivio.*

THE BOAR IN FRANCE.—The wild boar is extinct in England. It looks as though it would soon die out in France under the new year's "simple programme of extermination" lately issued by the French Ministry of Agriculture. This document gives a table of precedence for butchery. First, by the big wigs of the administrative area in festive battue. Next, by the mayor and leading tradesmen in battue not less festive. Third, by the local farmer if the boar has annoyed him or if he merely wishes to annoy the boar. They may shoot it if they can, poison it if they can't, and trap it if they can invent a method which humanitarians will approve as genial and beneficent. I myself have thrice enjoyed the sport under grade 2. During the War, in my periodic sojourns in winter quarters, I was invited (as the possessor of a gun and powder) to join the major and village worthies in a boar battue. The boar was harboured over night. The garde-chasse placed the dozen "guns" in a semi-circle, each prepared with a single cartridge from which the shot had been removed in favour of a single ball of lead. The beat started. One's heart was in one's mouth; a sudden trampling ahead; the flash past of a swift, ungainly body, a half turn, and a dangerous shot, from right and left. The quarry galloped on, but the garde-chasse nodded his head in satisfaction. Three hundred yards back the animal was discovered stone dead. A boar of ten years weighing 150 kilos. The garde-chasse, wreathed in horn and smiles, blew a blast and danced a clumsy step or two. The "Vainqueurs" (*quorum pars minor fui*) presented reluctant cheeks for his official and garlic-scented embrace, and the party repaired *aux chasseurs-pompiers* to celebrate the death in Armagnac and red wine.

ALL TO DO AGAIN.—The English cricketers come to Adelaide with all to do again. The greatest game ever invented has once more succeeded (on that famous acre at Melbourne) in teaching its salutary lessons to easy confidence and untimely despair. The greatest teacher of sportsmanship has been crowned again. If cricket were not the greatest of games, these last weeks had surely given it its death blow, as a century ago the prize ring was killed, not by those stalwarts who took and gave the blows without flinching and without boasting, but by the human ring which surrounded them. Like the prize-fighters of old, the players in these tests play the game and love its rigours and even appreciate to the full its glorious uncertainties. It is those who have ceased to play cricket, those who do not know what cricket is, who are doing their best to kill it. They see in it the chance of a livelihood, they harness it to their commercial schemes. They make it a bone of contention to draw fools into a circle, they pour bias into the ball and twist the willow to their own ends, and try to turn what is no more than a grand game into a national dog fight. But the game is—thank God—fool proof and knave proof. Still . . . I wish they wouldn't. I wish that from now onwards they would play cricket themselves and leave the players to their own game.

THEY NEED COURAGE.—That the B.B.C. directors possess courage in abundance, a generous and unanimous tribute from the Nation's Press acknowledged without qualifications in the New Year. That they need all that fine stock of courage, we have had ample evidence in the fortnight which has followed. The B.B.C.'s patrons and critics comprise, not people of one or two definite types and opinions, but a public composed of every shade of political opinion, of every class, of every stage in education from the highly cultured to the primitive. There are high-brows and low-brows; jazz-fans and Bach worshippers; those who stop short at Beethoven and those to whom the *Mikado* is the *ne plus ultra*. There are pacifists and jingos, Tories and Communists, freethinkers and deeply religious folk, school boys and professors, shop girls and school mistresses. A babel as clamorously critical as it is variegated. In the face of this audience, the B.B.C. raises its standard bearing a motto with this strange device: "Excelsior." Uplift, serious discussion of serious problems, clean recreation, powder with jam, impartial hearing for contentious problems. Serene in its lighthouse, it looks down on the raging sea of upturned faces and refuses to be cowed by the great waves of criticism.

LONG LIFE.—Mr. C. B. Gabb was as busy as ever in 1932, encouraging us to hope that we may drive another nail into the coffin of the Psalmist's reputation. His figures of longevity for 1932 are as interesting as ever. "Three score years and ten" proved but middle age to nearly 500 persons (mostly women) whose deaths were announced in *The Times* in 1932. Of these eighteen were over 100 years old, and the rest over ninety. How many octogenarians died in 1932 it is impossible to estimate, but it must make up a not negligible proportion of those who died after reaching the "Psalmist's limit." Miss Plunket, who died in October last aged 112, does not apparently head the list of centenarians in the Empire. Mr. Carty of Ballinamore was 116, while Mr. Quick of Vancouver, 111, and Miss Steele of County Armagh, 108, come third and fourth. The air of Ireland is remarkable, but the still more gusty air of the Near East more remarkable, for longevity. Zaro Agha, with 156 years and eleven wives to his credit, is still as lively as a cricket.

THE OLD STAGER.

**TO RECAPTURE LOST MARKETS IN THREE DAYS? Mr. Cosgrave outlines his policy to members of the Press before embarking upon his election tour through the South. Mr. Mulcahy and Mr. FitzGerald are seen above. The General Election, set at a time when Ireland has not yet fully felt the reactions caused by the De Valera policy, bids fair to be the most bitter ever held even in Ireland**

**CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE: Mr. C. M. Lowne, the Trustee of the Fund established by the XVII Century character actor, cuts the traditional cake at Drury Lane Theatre surrounded by the cast of *Wild Violets*. Cake and wine are, according to the Baddeley bequest, to be provided for the company at the time acting in the Theatre Royal**

**NON-STOP GARGLERS! Non-stop variety has to halt for a few moments at the Leicester Square Theatre for the chorus girls to perform their "daily gargle," an innovation inaugurated to combat the risk of winter infection which will be enforced for so long as the present epidemic of influenza may endure. A daily dose of quinine is seen above being administered**

**THE LIGHT OF JOY ON DARK FACES was to be seen at the tea party given by a joint committee of the Friends, the League of Coloured Peoples, the London Chapter of Elks, and the Congregational Union at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, to coloured children**

# SOCIAL EVENTS of 1933

A SOUND OF REVELRY BY NIGHT: A general view of the Chelsea Arts Club Ball held, not on New Year's Eve, as the required extension could not be granted owing to New Year's Day falling on a Sunday, but on Twelfth Night at the Albert Hall. The "rough-housing" was more marked than ever before

THE CREAM OF ULSTER: A scene in the lounge of the Grand Central Hotel, Belfast, during the County Down Staghounds Ball, at which many notables of Society and sport in Northern Ireland were present

JACK HYLTON'S RIVAL is Mrs. Jack Hylton, who has created her own orchestra which she conducts on the same lines as her husband. Mrs. Hylton and her band met Mr. Hylton and his on the return of the latter from a Continental tour

*Sasha*

AT A FIRST NIGHT: Lady Pamela Smith at the première of *Dinner at Eight* at the Palace Theatre—a play full of clever episodes revolving round a dinner party

THE CROWDED FOYER on the occasion of the first night of *Dinner at Eight* by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, produced by the former and presented by C. B. Cochran at the Palace Theatre

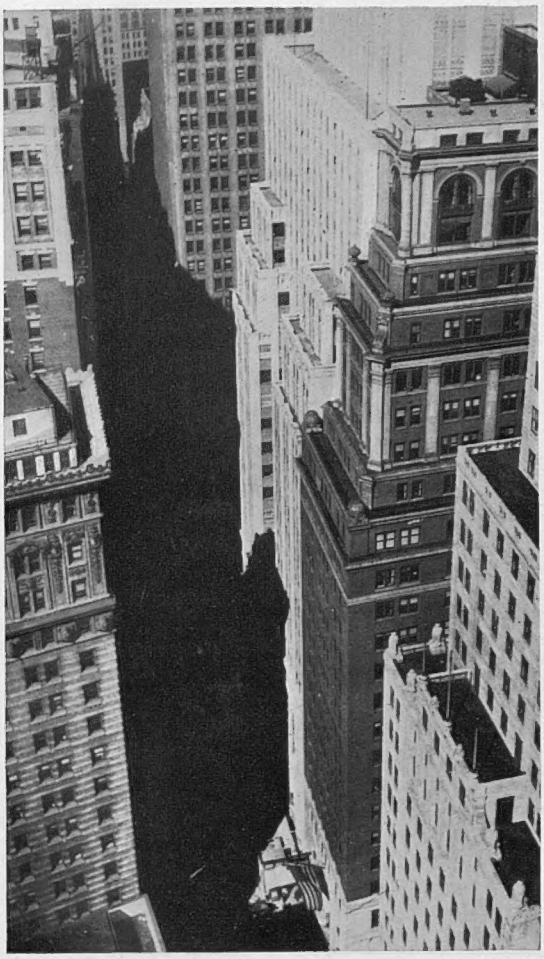
HUSBAND AND WIFE: Mr. W. J. O'Brien and Miss Elizabeth Allen, the film star at the Palace première

THE LADY ASHLEY arriving at the first night of *Dinner at Eight*

BROTHER AND SISTER: Mr. Oliver Messel and Mrs. Armstrong Jones

# NEW YORK'S GARMENT CENTRE:

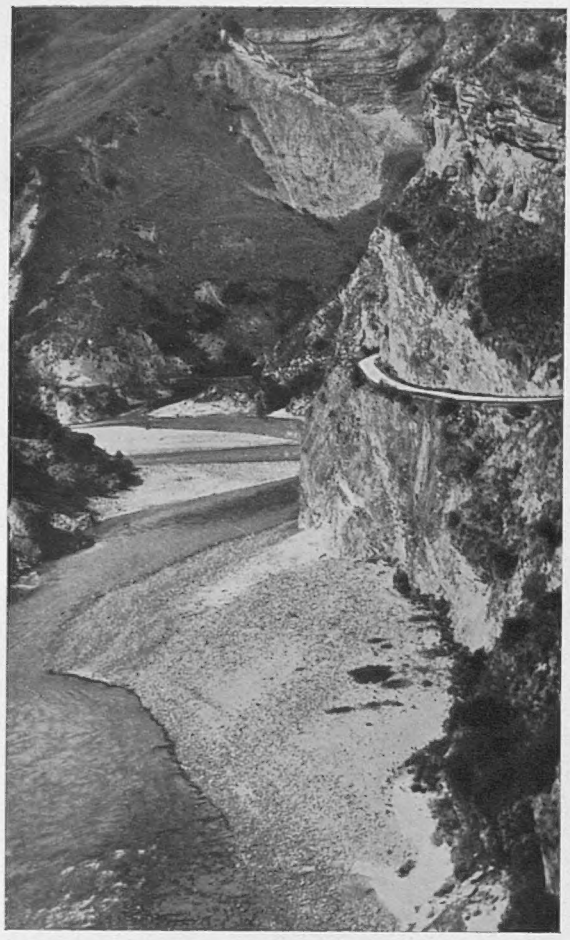
Shadow and Sunlight in Babylon



THE BLACK CHASM OF WALL STREET: The man-made ravine on which the new Bank of Manhattan building, which eclipses the Woolworth, is seen

THE GARMENT CENTRE OF NEW YORK: The Textile Trades' quarter of New York City surrounding the Pennsylvania Terminal—31st to 34th Street, 7th Avenue, and Broadway. Here is the garment centre, not only of New York, but of North America, all important manufacturers and jobbers having their principal offices in this area. Hence are drawn all the typically American "nifty," so-called "Collegiate," clothes which have rivalled the mass production of the great Chicago ready-made houses

NEW YORK NOCTURNE: A view towards Broadway from Rockefeller Center, 5th Avenue. *On right* is an innovation of a New York hotel — the solarium on the roof where guests may sun-bathe to their hearts' content



SKIPPER'S ROAD: The miracle of New Zealand engineering with its multiplicity of hair-pin bends that cuts its tortuous way through a landscape of grey

THE MINER'S CHAIR: The perilous method of crossing a valley in the Antipodean gold mining area

# NEW ZEALAND'S GOLDEN WEST

A recent report from Wellington states that "The effectiveness of the Government's gold-prospecting subsidy for the unemployed is shown by the gold export for June, which amounted to £100,000, the largest amount for any single month for many years. The gold exports for the first seven months of the present financial year total £555,379, compared with £324,161 for the same period last year."

The success of this experiment should be encouraging to the New Zealand Government, who have left no stone unturned at this very difficult period in the Dominion's history. Rumours of renewed activity on the West Coast of the South Island spread through New Zealand at the beginning of the year but few realized that an organized attempt to reduce unemployment by gold-digging was under way.

Reef gold is worked in the Thames Valley on the East coast of the North Island and great success has been achieved there, while alluvial gold is worked with a gigantic dredge owned by a company at Hokitika, in the South Island, but the small prospectors, for the most part, stake out their claims along the banks of the Shotover River, which has yielded millions in the past, or pan out the black, iron sand of the South Island shores.

The disadvantage of this haphazard gold-digging is more apparent on the seashore claims, where expensive machinery is essential to reach the bulk of the gold sunk too deep beneath sand and rocks to leave any but the merest traces of its presence available for the beachcomber.

On the Shotover, too, machinery has come into its own, and the days when gold was to be had for the picking up are over. At one camp in that region we heard of a needy digger of the eighties, one "Plunger" Jones, who found gold scratched up in a rabbit hole on the river banks, made a fortune and, so the legend goes, hired a man to teach him how to spend it. For a time the "Plunger" revelled in soft raiment and, crowning extravagance, *grand pianos*, but alas! he proved too apt a pupil and the fortune vanished.

The most successful miner on the Shotover to-day is very different, but no doubt his name will go down in the oral chronicles of the camps in company with his naïve and romantic precursor. He is Alf Smith, and has a claim called Maori Point, on the upper reaches of the river, and an "accommodation house" or tiny hotel on the famous "Skipper Road."

The road is one of the marvels of New Zealand engineering, but although there has never been an accident it is not reassuring to be whirled round a succession of devil's elbows hewn from the face of cliffs which overhang the river.

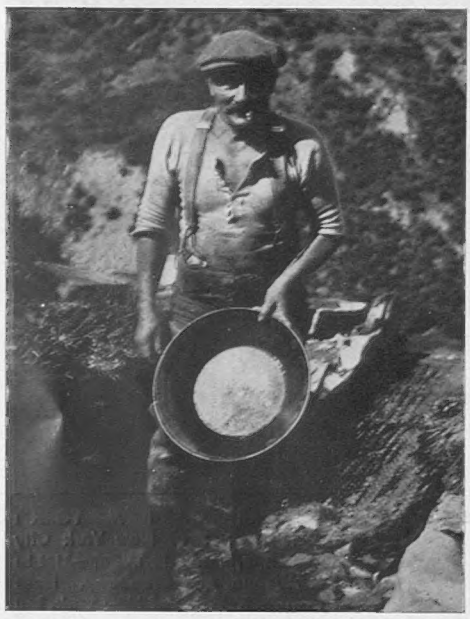
Alf Smith's family belonged to the district, and when a company for whom he had been working went into liquidation he secured the plant in lieu of wages, and was being escorted down to Dunedin with £3,000 or £4,000 the day we visited his home. His young daughter, starry-eyed with excitement, told us that her father had also found considerable quantities of gold and silver coins on his claim as well as short, thick, old-fashioned glasses and other relics of the men who were drowned in the "old man" floods of 1859 and 1873. The Shotover is extremely treacherous, and these record floods resulted in such terrible loss of life that the "rush" dwindled away and the camps which were not ruined became deserted.

Among Alf Smith's few neighbours is Bill Gordon, a digger of the old type and a most delightful character. When our driver took us down to see him we found him at his tail-race panning out a quantity of alluvial wash in the big iron "dish" or basin and obtaining a few nuggets which were extremely valuable with gold at over £6 an ounce. When he had emptied the unwieldy basin with the peculiar swishing action which takes the novice months to acquire, he carefully collected the gold and put it into a small bottle which he carried in a leather wallet fastened round his waist.

Bill, in sea-boots and working clothes, his good-humoured face almost as brown as a Maori's, made us welcome with a hearty handshake and most carefully explained the whole process of alluvial gold-mining from the moment when he had obtained a "miner's right" to an area 100 feet square at a cost of five shillings, and the labour of pegging it out with four pegs bearing his mark.

The presence of serpentine, antimony and red oxide gave him a clue to the likelihood of gold, but it was not until he had found the water-worn boulders or "wash" that he could be sure. Having secured his claim, he leased enough Crown land to build a two-roomed shanty and make a garden, at the same modest rent of five shillings a year, and built with his own hands the neat wood and tin dwelling which he has christened Digger's Rest.

The apparatus which the miner finds expensive are his nozzle and the pipes of varying diameter which convey the water from the nearest stream. The nozzle is turned on to a bed of boulders previously broken up with a pickaxe and swills the "wash" as it is called over the tail-race, a long box fitted with iron matting or sometimes Venetian ripples resembling the slats of a Venetian blind. The gold being so much heavier than water sinks into the crevices of the ripples which the wash passes over. Fine coconut matting is stretched under the ripples and at the foot of the upper portion of the tail-race there is sometimes a lower portion where the water, instead of flowing over the ripples, flows under an iron lid and over a porous plate of coconut matting above and calico below. This is to catch the very finest gold which may have been carried over the upper section. The Shotover gold is 23 carat, the quality demanded by the banks.



THE GOLDEN LINING: A typical gold miner to the bottom of whose pan cling the brilliantly shining grains of the precious metal

A MINER-GARDENER who cares more for his sweet peas and cabbages even than for his "diggings"

THE NOZZLE which is turned on to a bed of boulders to swill the "wash" over the "tail-race"—a long box fitted with iron matting through which the gold grains sink

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# PALESTINE TO-DAY

## Zionism and the Pan-Arab Movement

It is not always the newest lands that show the greatest powers of recuperation, and if it may be said to-day that "happy is the country which has no unemployment," one of the oldest territories in the world, Palestine, may claim the palm of felicity.

For in the Holy Land there is at the moment practically no unemployment. It is proof, indeed, of its undeveloped potentialities that the Government of Palestine recently sanctioned no fewer than 4,500 labour certificates for new Jewish immigrants for the half-year ending next March.

Now this is a quite remarkable development. Consider the position of Palestine but three years ago, when riots broke out which convulsed the world of Jewry and gave rise to direst fears concerning the development of a "Jewish National Home," the establishment of which the Mandatory Power in Palestine is pledged to facilitate.

The intensity of Arab antagonism then shown to Jewish colonization and Jewish claims, together with subsequent official reports which seemed to suggest a severe limitation on Jewish immigration and on Jewish purchase of land in Palestine, led many observers to conclude that the whole previous policy of the Mandatory Power in fostering, in a predominantly Arab country, a Jewish hearth or home, was impracticable. Dismay grew very general among Jewry. Subscriptions to Zionist funds fell away. Thousands of Zionist immigrants were unemployed. Hebrew teachers in Jewish schools in Palestine went for months unpaid—a lapse involving the temporary closing of these schools. An emigration movement of Jews from Palestine even set in. The "Jewish National Home," in short, seemed doomed to crystallization in its form of well under 200,000 souls, a mere drop in the ocean of some 15,000,000 souls in Jewry.

And now, in 1933, the pendulum has swung back, and the barometer appears to be set fair for the "Jewish National Home." Surely this is a striking tribute to the resilience of the Jewish population, as it is also a tribute to the unperturbed calm of the Mandatory Power in refusing to allow its hand to be forced by unconstitutional means.

But if the Zionists are now working with renewed heart, let it not be supposed that the lessons of the last few years have been forgotten. They must, indeed, be seared into the memory of every settler. In effect, a complete reorientation in the Zionist movement has taken place.

This has been caused by nothing less than the "debunking of Zionism." The phrase needs, perhaps, some explanation. In the early years of the British occupation of Palestine, the Zionist organizers were wont to speak grandiloquently of their future in the Holy Land. Basing themselves on the famous Balfour Declaration of November 2, 1917, they claimed that Palestine was to be "as Jewish as England is English." For some years they continued to cherish this hope. Throughout the High Commissionership of Sir Herbert Samuel (1920–1925) and that of the late Lord Plumer (1925–1928), they felt that if their goal was to be obtained more gradually than they had at first believed, its realization was at any rate certain, that it was, in fact, a "divine far-off event."

But now, in 1933, such prophecy is no longer indulged in. The Jews know in their hearts that they will never be a numerical majority in the Holy Land, and that at best the country will be a "bi-racial State" in which they will neither dominate the Arabs nor be dominated by them. Even that modified goal is by no means certain of achievement. The official pronouncements of the Mandatory Power are, indeed, largely designed to encourage this consummation, and the virtues of tolerance as between old inhabitant and new settler are increasingly preached. Quite sincerely the Zionist leaders now desire a complete understanding with the Palestinian Arabs, and much talk is indulged in of the necessity of finding common fields of activity between the two peoples.

Yet such co-operation is rare. In a few spheres directly or indirectly under Government control, or in a few industries, such as the orange industry, or for an occasional temporary end, Arab-Jewish co-operation is a fact, but in any general sense it is non-existent. To an extraordinary degree the Arab and Jewish communities in Palestine still live self-contained lives. Economically, of course, they largely depend on one another, but socially, culturally, and spiritually they live poles apart. At the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, admittedly, there are a few Jewish intellectuals who day in and day out expound the necessity, if Jewry is to be true to itself, of cultivating Arab-Jewish friendship, but in the eyes of the mass of the Jewish community these enlightened men are suspect. They are called "Defeatists." Not very long ago, indeed, the Chancellor of this Jerusalem University, Dr. Magnes, and also the former Attorney-General of the Palestine Administration, Mr. Norman Bentwich (now attached to this university), were howled at and hissed at by young Jews, whose truculent, overbearing ways have surely been a potent cause of friction with the Arabs. The way of the Hebrew mediator with his own Nationalists is indeed hard.

What is now needed is an authoritative pronouncement, founded upon declarations already made in White Papers, that shall receive no subsequent "official interpretation," shall be accepted by all the three party leaders, and shall be rigidly maintained. That way alone, in my opinion, lie peace and prosperity for the Holy Land.

An overshadowing factor in the situation is that the Arabs of Palestine feel themselves to be part of the vast Arab race, that race which has already freed itself from mandatory control in Iraq and which is chafing at the delay with which it is being granted its political freedom in Syria. The Pan-Arab movement may have unsound foundations,

*(Continued on a later page)*

JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTH: Herod's Gate is to be seen in the foreground, while "Gordon's Calvary"—the "Green Hill Without the City Wall"—is at the bottom right. The dome at uppermost edge of picture is that of the church of the Holy Sepulchre

FULFILLING THE PROPHECY OF JEREMIAH, the new city of Jerusalem stretches over the ancient hills, Gareb and Goath. The hills seen are covered with Jewish colonies. In the foreground is the Maccabees football ground

NEW BUILDINGS OF THE NEW JERUSALEM: The recently completed Y.M.C.A. building and the King David Hotel. The large plot of ground, in which lead coffins in tombs were found, is to be a sports ground

**The accompanying photographs of Jerusalem depicting various sections of the city as seen from an aeroplane are striking evidence of how the Holy City is rapidly expanding. Outside the old walls there has sprung up a Greater Jerusalem, a modern metropolis of splendid residential quarters, public buildings, gleaming white hotels, hospitals, churches, schools, and institutions. Everywhere building operations are in progress. New streets are being added and fresh districts opened up. Yet less than a hundred years ago there was not a single building outside the city walls, which enclose an area of some 208 acres. To-day, however, more than two-thirds of Jerusalem's 90,000 population live outside the walls. How Greater Jerusalem has grown is evidenced when it is stated that it has already spread one-third of the way to Bethlehem on the south, the greater part of the way to Ain Karim on the west, and on the north to the foot of Mount Scopus, where stands the British War Cemetery.**

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THE ROYAL BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: Princess Sybille, who has taken Stockholm by storm, is seen above with Prince Gustav Adolf, the heir-presumptive to the Swedish Crown. The Prince is in the uniform of the Swedish Guards; the Princess in the fur coat that formed one of the wedding gifts from the groom

THE CHAMPION TANGO-IST OF SPAIN: Senorita Mara, who has been chosen in Madrid to represent Spain in the dancing contest to be held next month in Buenos Aires. The best dancers from all the republics of Latin America—save only Brazil—will compete

# PEOPLE in the PUBLIC EYE

M. LEON BAILBY the famous editor whose resignation from *L'Intransigeant* owing to political pressure has created a sensation in Paris

THE APOSTLE OF HUNGARIAN RENAISSANCE: General Gombos, the new Magyar premier under whom Austro-Hungarian, Italo-Hungarian, and Czech-Hungarian agreements have been concluded

THE CHAMPION YEARLING OF TUNIS: Marie Lakhona, who has just been adjudged the finest baby in the North African State

MISS J. LATIFI, the daughter of Mr. A. Latifi, C.I.E., O.B.E., I.C.S., Secretary to the Indian Delegation at the Round Table Conference. She has had a distinguished academic career in India, France, and Britain

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: Lady Harcourt, daughter of the late Lord Ebury, who before her marriage was the Hon. Maud Grosvenor, with her baby daughter, Elizabeth Ann

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# SAVE CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE,

## and Other London Matters

THE BEAUTIFUL FRONTAGE OF CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE IN THE WINTER SUNSHINE: This picture, taken a few days ago, shows the restful charm of Nash's terrace, which with its quiet air of residential dignity so fittingly adorns the eastern end of the Royal highway. The feeling of resentment at the way in which this beautiful heritage of a past period of London's history is being threatened is growing in volume. See note on Newsletter pages

THE STATELY PERSPECTIVE OF DORIC COLUMNS OF CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE which are such a distinctive and telling feature in Nash's brilliantly designed facade. The houses forming the terrace are in very good repair both internally and externally

CAST OUT BY ONE DEPARTMENT—RESCUED BY ANOTHER: One of the fireplaces of the demolished No. 4, Carlton Gardens, cast out by the Crown Commissioners and preserved by the Victoria and Albert Museum authorities

MAGNIFICENT KITCHEN TABLES are a feature of the Carlton House Terrace houses. Some have recently been renovated, and make the most liveable and delightfully placed private residences in the Central district of London

LONDON'S OLDEST ROMISH CHURCH, St. Etheldreda's, Ely Place, once private chapel to the Bishop of Ely and a gem of pre-Reformation architecture, has been closed on account of its crumbling roof. Sir Giles Scott, whose grandfather directed the repairs to the church fifty years ago, is in charge of the work. St. Etheldreda's is now a Roman Catholic church

IN THE "DUNGEON" OF WHITEHALL: The room in the basement of the Office of Works to which are sent the best of the finds made by the workmen engaged in maintaining the 260 historic buildings controlled by this Government Department. From swords to gold coins, from catapult stones to broken pottery (the last-named is seen above)—all is examined in the "Dungeon"

*Sasha*

*THE CATHEDRAL:* Miss Clare Harris, Miss Theo Holme, and Mr. Balliol Holloway in a scene from the new play at the New Theatre

*Pollard Crowther*

LE RENDEZVOUS D'AMOUR: Mlle Diakonova and M. Federoff in one of the delicious morsels in the reorganized *Chauve-Souris* at the Cambridge Theatre. This number is a polka set against fantastic décor

*Pollard Crowther*

GITAN'S DANCE: Miss Pollakova, who brings to the interpretation of gipsy music and measure the kindred spirit of the Slav, in *Chauve-Souris*

MISS MARY SHERIDAN in *Jonah and the Whale*, the latest Biblical compendium of humour and realism, by James Bridie, at the Westminster Theatre

# PLAYS:

## "Ballyhoo" at the Comedy Balieff Returns with the Goes Dreadfully Mumme

If you ask the average playgoer what is meant by sophistication in the theatre, you are likely to be told that it is anything written by Mr. Noel Coward and produced by Mr. C. B. Cochran.

If you look up the word "sophisticated" in the dictionary you will find on the other hand, that it has a very far from complimentary meaning.

I was reminded of the latter point when I saw the revue *Ballyhoo* at the Comedy Theatre. I saw it in the most favourable circumstances—after a welter of good, honest, clean fun (which can pall) and of whimsical peculiarities (which can, and do, exasperate). Yet, with some reservations, I found it disappointing.

The original authors having retired hurt, the management fell back, apparently, on the aboriginal. For, by a curious twist of taste, the primitive is now considered to be the *dernier cri* in subtlety.

It all began with the adoption of the noble savage as something more than a man and a brother by people out to enjoy themselves expensively. Coloured people who dance well, have an uncanny sense of rhythm, and play saxophones and wah-wah trumpets with skill, have become a fashionable cult.

Harlem is regarded by the sort of women who ogle a black pianist in a dance-club as "another Eden, demi-Paradise"—particularly by people who have never been there.

Miss Josephine Baker has been almost deified by a certain set in Paris. Could a London visit be arranged Miss Baker would command a four-figure fee at any restaurant-cabaret and no really fashionable party would be considered complete without her.

Let us move from the animate to the inanimate. Bright steel bars are excellent things in a gymnasium or for monkeys to swing on. The fashion now is to bend them into odd shapes and make chairs and tables of them.

No, I am not wandering so far away from *Ballyhoo* as may be supposed. For this revue is full of things and people that are twisted into odd shapes. The dancers twist themselves, indeed, into extremely embarrassing shapes at times.

A famous Frenchman once was asked in a London ballroom what he thought of the dancing. He replied that he thought it interesting, "but," he added, "why do they not wait until they get home?"

While making every allowance for the present cult of the negro in entertainment, I submit that one can have too much in every sense of the movements which may be interesting to the ethnologist as an example of Saturnalia in Matabeleland. On the stage, however, of any theatre, bar those which charge a clandestine 50 francs in the back streets near the Vieux Port of Marseilles, they are wildly out of place.

One is growing a little tired, too, of the sorrows of the oppressed coloured races. Miss Zaidee Jackson, a dusky contralto, sang at great length of how her man had left her, and how her love affairs had gone all wrong. It was not impressive, and it was certainly not lively.

Revue must have contrasts; but I defy anyone to take any real interest in such woes, poorly sung to a gloomy tune. There was hardly a tune in the whole show that was not negroid and grim. But they were played again and again, with the rhythmic thud of a drum in the approved "blews" style, under the impression, apparently, that if you repeat a bad tune a sufficient number of times, people will think it is a good one.

To counter this weight of the primitive there should have been some really witty sketches. The majority of the sketches were, however, merely little stories eked out with a couple of chairs and a quick "black-out."

M. Leon Morton, an excellent comedian, had very little chance. Miss Hermione Baddeley's impersonations were good, and would be better if she did not underline nearly every point. Miss Phyllis Clare is not exactly weighed down to the dust with ability, either vocal or histrionic, but she is a glamorous good-looker. Miss Nancy Burne showed promise, and Mr. Reginald Arkell's "Sons of Our Fathers" episode was clever.

But the best moment of all in *Ballyhoo* was the ballet for four pianos and orchestra; the glorious tone of the Blüthners and the ingenuity of the dancing atoned for much.

Balieff does in the right way what *Ballyhoo* does, for the most part, in the wrong way.

This great showman, with his pleasantly greasy smile underneath which lurks the dictator, is as up-to-date as you please and always has been. No one who dines at the Embassy or Quaglino's or who is conversant with the doings of Miss M–g–t Wh–h–m need blush to admit to having paid a visit to the *Chauve-Souris*, now at the Cambridge Theatre.

What M. Balieff can give us is charm. There may be little to choose between the primitive Russian and the primitive Negro; both can be good performers. But about the former there

*Pollard Crowther*

MISS FRANCES DOBLE, whose charm is still rejoicing the patrons of *While Parents Sleep*, which celebrated its anniversary last week

*THE STREETS OF LONDON:* Mr. Valentine render, Miss Sydney Fairbrother, Miss Clare in the musical burlesque version of

# Theatre Seeks the Aboriginal by Way of Originality: Best Pantomime in London: And Mr. Leon M. Lion rset in the Phillpott's production at the Royalty

By

## PHILIP PAGE

is a *soft* primitiveness; about the latter, as prepared for London, Paris or New York entertainment, is a *hard* primitiveness.

Incidentally, the *Chauve-Souris* is quite the best pantomime in London. For pantomime it is — irresponsible, ever-changing, and full of tradition.

Much of the programme is familiar, notably the "Night at Yard's," "I Miss my Swiss" (not quite in the *Chauve-Souris* line, this), and the famous "Love in the Ranks," with a positive Daniel Lambert of a General as the successful suitor. This is described as "an intentional buffoonery of old St. Petersburg." It is nothing compared with the unintentional buffoonery of new Moscow.

Of the novelties, the loveliest is "The Arrival at Bethlehem," which is sensibly placed right at the beginning of the programme, in order that its atmosphere shall not be sandwiched between the profane items.

The devotional beauty of this episode is in itself, I imagine, sufficient to prevent the possibility of any of these exiles returning to Russia—in the highly improbable event of their wishing to do so. The scenery and costumes by V. Shovkaeff have all the virtues of both simplicity and originality.

The Volga Boat Song had been melodically altered—I suppose there is authority for this. Besides, folk-song is never a fixed thing. Balieff explained with a chuckle that it was sung by "poor boatmen —and by Chaliapine."

MISS UNA MERKEL, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, who makes up under a battery of "daylight" lights to ensure her passing the most stringent test

*Sasha* Rooke, Miss Diana Churchill, Mr. Harold Warrender, Mr. Andrew Leigh, and Mr. Wallace Douglas in the old melodrama at the Ambassadors

The polka, "Le Rendezvous d'Amour," danced by Mlle Diakonova and M. Federoff, was as delightful as the old Viennese waltz, "Primavera," music by Faust. Who was Faust? I thought Faust was composed, not a composer.

The parody on an operatic production at the Gaieté Lyrique in Paris sixty years ago was not in the least overdone. And was therefore funny.

My only criticism is of the squeaky noise made by some of the ladies of the company when they wish to emphasize the fact that the song they are singing is a comic one. It is ear-piercing in its shrillness. M. Balieff must damp it down.

It was a sharp contrast, even on a comparatively mild winter's night, to turn into the Royalty Theatre and find it all summery and Devonish and Eden Phillpottsy in *A Cup of Happiness*. This theatre, having chosen this time of year to go Phillpotts, has done the thing thoroughly. Roses are round the door of Willowbrook Farm; the sun is obviously shining; the girls wear the lightest of summer frocks; and Mr. Leon M. Lion as Churdles M. Ash is in his shirt-sleeves.

If this play is to be a howling success, it will not be for the lack of howling. M. Balieff's ladies, having chastised us with whips in this respect, Mr. Lion's ladies—or, at any rate, one of them—chastises us with scorpions. The squeaks of the *Chauve-Souris* were the most timid *pianissimo* compared with the shouts and yells with which Miss Dorothy Dix adorned her interpretation of a farmer's widow.

It is true that the woman was intended to be a termagant and to tyrannize over her family and everyone in the neighbourhood with her tongue. But as far as I know the author made no mention of lungs. Miss Dix is a clever actress; but the Royalty is a small theatre and I noticed members of the audience leaping in their seats as that flood of fearsome eloquence came dinning across the footlights.

This was a pity, since some other members of the cast took their cue from it, and the whole balance of the play was upset. It is labelled "a new comedy." It is not new and it is not a comedy. But a homely little farce in stage Doric can be quite a pleasant entertainment as long as it does not degenerate into a shouting match.

Mr. Mark Dignam gave an amusing performance as a slow-witted farmer's boy who brightened himself up, married a sensible woman, and defied his mother. Miss Winifred Hindle was sincere and realistic without being too overwhelmingly Devonian.

Mr. Gyles Isham, who is, I am glad to see, now tackling character parts in spite of his great good looks, made quite a hit as a "huntsman of the East Devon Foxhounds." He confined the sporting flavour to wearing a yellow waistcoat and a Harry Tate suit, for, as I have pointed out, it was the summer-time. I am aware, by the way, that in Devon they hunt in somewhat warmer weather than they do in the 'shires. But I am thankful that Mr. Isham, unlike a summer-time hero in one of Miss Ethel M. Dell's plays, did not wear pink with an herbaceous border.

I fancy Mr. Lion's Churdles Ash had travelled in his day a long way from Willowbrook Farm.

*THE MATCH KING:* Mr. Warren William and Miss Lili Dalmita (gone for the occasion Garboesque) in the First National picture based on a Hollywoodesque and Romanticised version of the life of Ivar Kreuger

*CENTRAL PARK:* Mr. Guy Kibbee as a New York constable in the new First National and Vitaphone picture, which invokes the aid of gangsters masquerading as detectives, hold-ups, escaped lunatics, and escaped lions to engineer thrill

MR. MICHAEL ARLEN, who has gone from strength to strength and has hit his highest peak in his new novel, *Men's Mortality*

# BOOKS: Michael Arlen: The Death of a Fashion; the Birth of a Force: Historicity and Fiction: International Best Selling Pretentiousness

By CECIL ROBERTS

One might write a small book on *The Strange Case of Mr. Michael Arlen*. His rise to fame was one of those startling post-War phenomena when hysteria touched literature as well as finance. The success of *The Green Hat*, and a few ultra-smart stories about the loose morals of the sophisticated people who were supposed to inhabit Mayfair swept Mr. Arlen up into the best-seller class. That small, tumbled-down area around Shepherd Market, with its agglomeration of swells and smells, was turned into a fairyland of romance instead of a nightmare of writs. Young bachelors paying 25s. for a room without breakfast or gas, who preferred a car with a large exhaust to a bath with hot water, were supposed to be leading a life of delirious gaiety. Uninvited they shadowed charming ladies to sumptuous houses and walked up into their bedrooms. In Nice they would have been gigolos. In Michael Arlen they were heroes.

As for the ladies, what was prostitution in Piccadilly was romantic immodesty in Mayfair. Just how far down White Horse Street one crossed the invisible line of romance Mr. Arlen never said. There never was, perhaps, a more remarkable instance of the power of the pen. A poor, obscure Armenian in a Mayfair bedroom, by the power of his imagination, started the women of two continents wearing green hats in the hope that bold men would bring them romance. Fame and fortune swept Mr. Arlen, a shy, insignificant figure, from his cheap dwelling into the semi-regal glories of Grosvenor Square and Park Avenue.

I was in America at the height of his boom. They bought his books in sets, which became the American's complete guide to a smart life. They stood on every drawing-room table, in spotted and striped covers. Editors employed sleuths to track down Mr. Arlen. The scale of his remuneration grew higher and higher. His royalties exceeded anything Royalties could hope for, no matter how much family linen they washed; ex-queens, grand dukes, and princesses on lecture tours, were careful to avoid an advent with Mr. Arlen. He swamped them as an Atlantic liner swamps the tugs that come fussing around her. Finally it was said that Mr. Arlen was right out of the market. A super-editor or a super-paper had bought his brain for life. He was to receive £5,000 for any short story he cared to write, whether it was accepted for publication or not. The only stipulation was that Mr. Arlen should not give birth to more than three masterpieces a year. Mr. Arlen then disappeared. A year or two later, true to the legend of romance, he married a foreign lady of title. A corner table at the Savoy sometimes saw his shy figure, but generally he was in hiding somewhere on the Riviera.

It now remained for Mr. Arlen to produce a novel a year, of the kind the public expected, of the kind the public would buy. His reputation was made, his fortune was made. A wife, a child, a Rolls-Royce, and a villa in the sun, he had only to produce a masterpiece a year, taking a profitable ground rent from his lease of Mayfair, and all would be well. Strange to say, it was at this point that Mr. Arlen began to behave peculiarly. He began to think that he could write. He took tremendous trouble to shake off his Mayfair manner, his Mayfair fans. He killed his old public or most of it with a work called *Lily Christine*, a novel so good that some of us began to take Mr. Arlen seriously despite the mystery of his name and the magic of his princess.

I remember how proudly apologetic his publisher was about this new offspring. I remember what a shock of surprise that book gave me. The sub-title might well have been *The Suicide of a Best-Seller*.

Well, it was a genuine repentance, for here is Mr. Michael Arlen again, in prophetic vein. It is the book of a man with a mind. I do not profess to have understood the whole of *Men's Mortality* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). There were moments when its soaring vision left me dizzy. It achieves not only a new outlook but a new language. Here is a visit into the future in which an air-minded generation has dispensed with the dimensions as we understand them. Curiously enough, there was a little book some time ago called *Night Flight*, by Antoine de Saint-Exupery, in which we peered into the office of a company controlling world flights. From observation towers we saw machines soar in from the night. Dawn over the Andes and sunset in the Gobi desert were shadowed by the giant wings of man's enterprise. Mr. Arlen has written in this vein, but he has given an unearthly dimension to his story. Here is a war in the air after the pax-aeronautica, during which the world was in control of the International Airways Police.

As a *tour-de-force* of the imagination this book is without any rival in our literature of the last twenty years. It is as though Mr. Arlen had come back to us from the end of this present century to tell us the story of his experience in a flight through Time. "He lived to see this come to pass. He lived to see the squalid and suspicious civilization of the 1920's and '30's changing into an urgent and prosperous world community. Almost alone Ackroyd fought his way to the light through the bewildered helpfulness of the Baldwins, Hoovers, MacDonalds, Brünings, Briands, Hitlers, Lloyd Georges, Stalins, Mussolinis, and other leaders of that time."

Mr. Arlen's future was a future of the young men. They were in control. They held the world in their hands. "Whereas you and I can remember, Charley, when being very old was one of the most highly esteemed professions in England. When I was a child I remember what a fuss they made of Balfour, not because of his books, which no one read, or of his political eminence, which everyone had forgotten, but because the poor old chap looked like living to ninety. And if he had, they'd have made him Prime Minister again just out of respect. In those days you had to be bedridden to be believed."

## BOOKS TO READ

**LOOKING BACK ON LONDON**, by Dorothy Hood (Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.).

**SOUTHERN CROSS TO POLE STAR**, by A. F. Tschiffely (Heinemann. 15s.).

**GORDON**, by Pierre Crabites (Routledge. 12s. 6d.).

**CAN AMERICA STAY AT HOME**, by Frank H. Simonds (Hamilton. 10s. 6d.).

**MARY BAKER EDDY**, by E. S. Bates and J. V. Dittemore (Routledge. 16s.).

**PACIFIC**, by Robert Carse (Barker. 7s. 6d.).

**THE STORY OF A LIGHT LADY**, by Shaw Desmond (T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.).

What an amazing picture Mr. Arlen gives us of that supper party around a table at the foot of the column, between the two lions, in Trafalgar Square. London, under an air attack, had been evacuated, and an enemy airman soared down to discover a white-haired butler and a footman serving dinner. It was the only possible method of defence. It made the airman laugh and spare them. "I laughed not entirely because it was funny, but because I was glad I'd at last seen the courage that doesn't deign to defend itself."

In the front of this book Mr. Michael Arlen does not confess to have written any previous works. He settles once and for all the legend of his origin by a dedication which runs "Inscribed to the memory of Sarkis Kouyoumdjian, merchant, of Manchester, by his youngest son." He might have written, "To the memory of Michael Arlen, late of Mayfair." It would appear that Mr. Arlen is now only thinking of a public of one reader, himself. He has deliberately ceased to be a fashion. He is on the way to becoming a force with books like this.

MR. NIS PETERSEN, whose book, *The Street of the Sandalmakers*, is reviewed above

*Angus Wilson*

MR. DAVID GARNETT, whose biography of *Pocahontas* is a mixture of history and fiction

The series of slight books written by Mr. David Garnett has been so extravagantly overpraised that he suffers under the suspicion of being a precious writer. *Pocahontas* (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.) is Mr. Garnett's first attempt at a book of sustained power. Unfortunately it is not easy to know how to treat it. He has taken the story of Pocahontas. He might well have presented it as a biographical work—in the dishonest manner of much modern biography with its romantic and unverified detail. There is much evidence that Mr. Garnett, in his reconstruction of the strange story of Pocahontas, has been extremely honest in his method of fiction. If this book is a novel it lacks fire because it lacks freedom. If it is to be treated as a biography, then the conversations, which betray an incomplete mastery of dialogue, are a little perturbing. But however one regards the book no one could question its painstaking sincerity, its rich detail, and the vivid reconstruction of a strange history. The Virginian scene is beautifully conjured up. Mr. Garnett passes from the idyll to the horror with easy steps as, for instance, in the vivid hanging scene on board the homeward-bound ship. It is a serious work, and if it fails as a novel it succeeds as a careful portrait of Pocahontas, conscientious in every line.

*The Street of the Sandalmakers*, by Nis Petersen (Lovat Dickson. 10s. 6d.), is introduced to us as a Danish masterpiece, written by a romantic tramp. We are informed that it is an international best-seller. It is immensely long. One has not to read it through to discover that it is utter trash, the work of a writer striving for effect who falls into bathos in almost every paragraph. Many of the sentences are interminable, some quite ludicrous, as this: "Marcellus at this time was peculiarly neat and asceptic in appearance—a sort of dandified ascetic. Wherever he went his mere appearance produced on his associates the impression of one who ponders abstruse matters. He had the effect of a dash between inverted commas," and also, "his technique of movement was a rather conventional school-demonstration of the theory that human walk, like flirtation, is made up of a series of interrupted falls." There is much of this sort of pretentious balderdash. The story is true to type. The son of a Roman patrician joins the Christians because he loves a Christian maid, and suffers death.

*Nature by Day*, by Arthur R. Thompson (Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.), is an excellent guide to the life of the fields, woods, and seashore which can be recommended to those whose knowledge of Nature is quite elementary. The clear and simple text is splendidly illustrated with over one hundred photographs, and Mr. Thompson knows exactly how much the reader can absorb without boredom. Many naturalists I have met are quite unsafe to go out with. They bring you home bedraggled in mind and body.

The idea of *Stamboul Train* (Heinemann), by Graham Greene, is not original. You embark the reader on board the Ostend-Constantinople Express, and then walk through the compartments and select your characters. The result cannot help being sketchy. This book is sketchy, but it is done with such consummate artistry that no moment of the transcontinental journey is wearisome. A Jew travelling in currants, a chorus girl, weak and ill, a drunken woman reporter, a burglar who has committed a murder, and a political refugee, are brought under observation during the long journey. There is a crisis in each of these lives, and they affect one another in that casual but far-reaching manner of life.

It would be easy to criticize this book. To many it will be deeply shocking. There is an obsession with the details of sex that might well be curbed. He has also, for me, an irritating habit of obscurity. He cultivates it for effect, but it makes hard reading. He opens a situation without any clear definition of time, place, or characters, and it takes several pages for the idea to emerge from the fog. This is an impressive strategem, but I cannot help feeling that it is a trick. He also is indifferent to the necessity of indicating clearly who is speaking. Here is a typical passage:

"'But why were you so interested in me?' She received the fatal inevitable answer, 'I seemed to know you quite well.' He would have gone back to his calculations if it had not been for the unhappy quality of her silence. She could see how he was worried and surprised and a little harassed; he thinks I want him to make love to me, she thought, and wondered, do I?"

Who wanted to make love to whom? I had to read the passage three times to learn who was speaking. Mr. Graham Greene is often guilty of this indifference to his reader's comfort. But enough of grumbling. This is a splendid achievement.

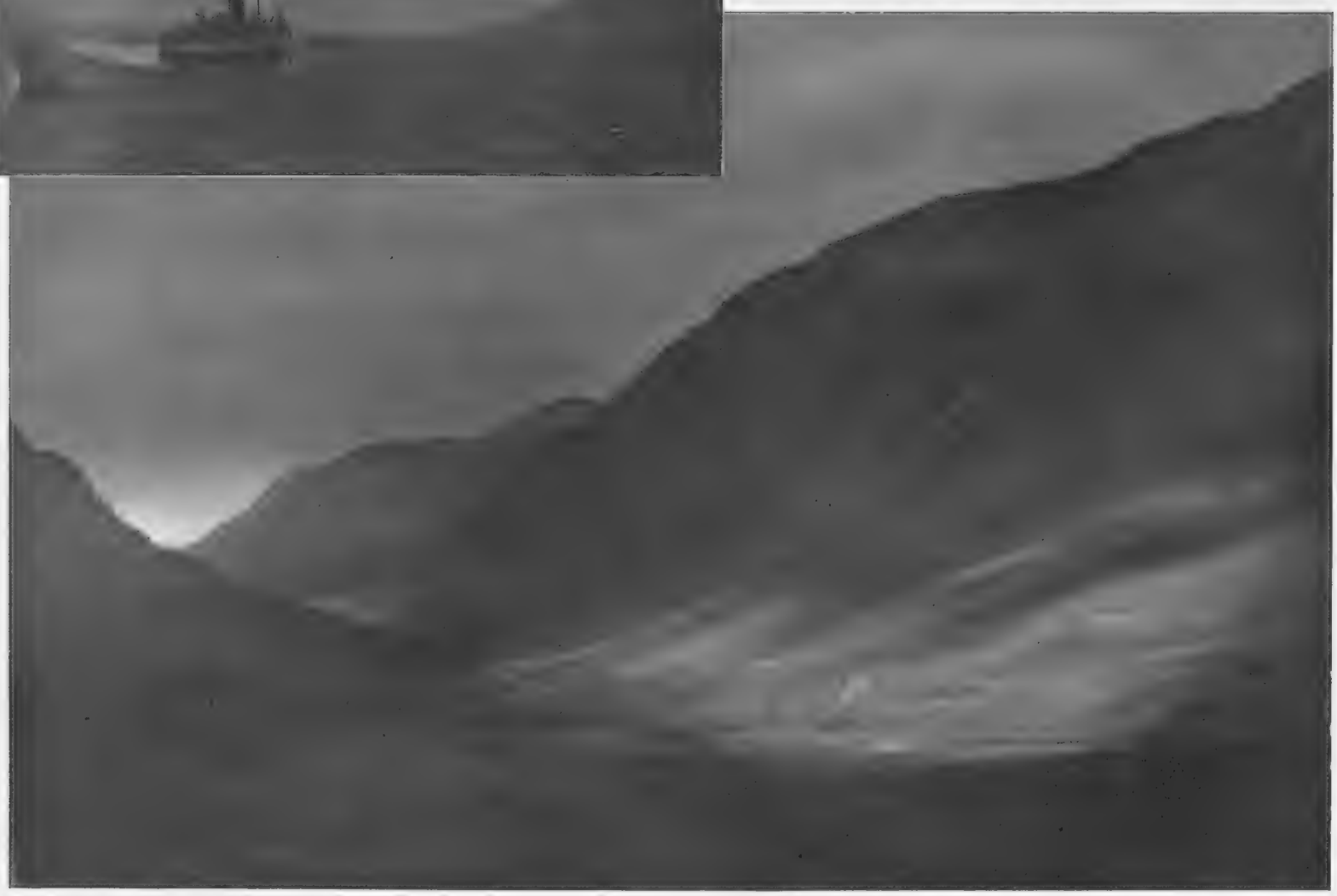
"It re-invigorates!"

The Doctor orders

DEWAR'S

"APPROACHING STORM": An impressive vista of a mountain glen in the lowering shadow of a coming tempest, by Mr. H. A. Murch

# THE GLORY OF THE SCOTTISH HILLS



"THE GLEN": Another of Mr. H. A. Murch's brilliantly reproduced "atmospherics" of the Scottish hills. *Inset above* is a study entitled "An Evening Cruise on Firth of Clyde," by William Baxter. This trio of superb Scottish camera records was shown at a recent Royal Salon of Photography Exhibition

# TRAVEL

DAWN OVER GLENCOE: The dawn breaking over the still loch. In the distance is the western entrance to the Pass of Glencoe

TOWARDS THE DESERT: The hard sand provided quite good going on the way to Nefta—a camel party passing the author's car. Wind-blown ridges proved troublesome at first, but a drop into low gear solved the difficulty

## WINTER IN SCOTLAND

The charm of the Highlands of Scotland in winter lies in the perpetual change in weather conditions—one day or series of days varying from another in a cycle of infinite variety. First there may be an open spell, with winter roses blossoming within

A SPLATTERING OF SNOW: After a period of very mild weather will come a morning when the hills of Appin are covered with this dusting of snow

stone-walled gardens, for the gardener among the hills does not despair of producing flowers at all times. One can sit out and bask in winter sunshine and spring seems not so very far off. Then a shift of the barometer, and from the opposite hills there boils up, cauldron-like, a flurry of clouds—there is a sudden push in the wind—and the attack of the storm king has begun. The sun shines wildly through the descending rain and mist to acknowledge defeat for a period; for just how long, only the very oldest and wisest know, and they are not quite certain.

But the morning comes when a rift appears. The clouds tear apart, and then suddenly the hilltops appear one after the other and by noon the whole pageantry of the hill massif is visible. The wind blows hard and then drops, and the following morning the loch looks as if it had never known what it was to storm upon its rock-strewn beaches in Atlantic anger. The hills, all apparently made of some heliotrope material, are lit up, where the rising sun catches them, with a bronze gold splendour such as makes the heart and eye ache in the effort to penetrate its beauty, which is beyond ordinary earthly things and seems to belong to the Land of Perpetual Youth.

RENDING THE VEIL: Gradually a rent will appear and the hills will become visible one after the other. All these hills are within one easy night journey of King's Cross

## TUNISIAN DESERT

Once upon a time I thought that an oasis consisted of two or three ragged palm trees struggling for life in an arid desert, shading a pool of brackish water. Since I discovered my error I have found it is not an uncommon one.

I had come to Sicily for the Targa Florio motor race and, at rather a loose end, seeing a steamer bound for Tunis, decided to leave Palermo in her. She was well run and well found—the spaghetti at dinner was excellent, it must have been, for I retain quite a vivid memory of enjoying it.

When I had explored Tunis and its fascinating "souks," I determined to take an ordinary motor car and venture into the desert. "You can't do it." That was the gist of a dozen warnings; but then I have done many things with a motor car which were supposed to be impossible—so the warnings left me cold and I went my wilful way.

I wanted to see the inside of an Arab mosque and to discover a desert oasis. These seemed the two most interesting things North Africa offered me.

The first of these could be done only at Kairouan as, in all other places, no infidel was permitted to enter the sacred premises. To that place I departed with a borrowed car and Mohamed, my Arab guide. It was something of a revelation to me, the fine roads I found leading towards the desert; as fine as any in Europe. The first part of my adventure, at least, was entirely free from incident, and Kairouan was reached as the sun dropped, like a ball of molten lead, beyond the purple haze of the Sahara.

I found two possible caravanserais. One run by the tourist company which takes personally-conducted parties over a desert route; the other, a modest establishment managed by a charming Russian couple, was the one I chose. I had no regrets for my choice.

In Kairouan there are two mosques worth a visit. The largest, that of Six Hundred Pillars, is in the centre of the town and has many points of interest. Its numerous pillars—I did not count 600, though there may be so many—were mostly salved from the ruined Roman temples and Coliseum at Carthage. These were transported that long distance on camel back, each one slung between several animals. In spite of my wearing the obligatory over-shoes, the keeper of the mosque carefully removed the prayer rugs from my path as I walked in the semi-darkness of the interior, which contains some rather beautiful wood carving and a wonderful pulpit. I was shown a pair of pillars rather closely placed; I am not sure what was the virtue of being able to squeeze through the narrow space between—which I was just able to do—but I know it was pretty bad luck if one failed in the attempt.

The other one is the Barber's Mosque, on the outskirts of the town; it derives its name and virtue from the fact that the Prophet's barber surreptitiously possessed himself of three hairs from his client's beard, now enshrined in a railed-in corner piled high with priceless prayer rugs donated by pious pilgrims. How I longed to raid that untidy pile!

So did I accomplish my first wish.

From Kairouan to Tozeur was a pleasant run; *en route* I passed a considerable phosphate mine with its accompanying private railway, factory, and village.

At Tozeur, I remember a snake charmer displaying his pets in the market square and of a drowsy date-seller who, every now and then, half roused himself to threaten, with a switch, the myriad of flies which covered his merchandise completely from view—but his threats never materialized. I found out that racing camels are fed almost entirely on dates.

One gorgeous morning I drove up the long, wide street beyond the square, there to turn sharp left and so into the trackless waste of sand that stretched, featureless, beyond the shimmering horizon.

As the wheels struck the sand I had a momentary feeling of doubt, soon dissipated, for we glided smoothly down hill, over the sun-baked surface, with nothing but a slightly exaggerated hum—the nearest word I can get—from the tyres, to tell I was not on an ordinary macadam road. I nearly came to grief crossing an invisible underground watercourse—it had rained recently; and once or twice wind-blown ridges of sand pulled the car up as if the brakes had been roughly applied. I soon found, to negotiate these ridges, it was necessary to drop into low gear—that was all.

Towards noon, in the far distance, a shadow on the plain gradually resolved itself into a dark green ridge, broken here and there by towering grey rocks. Mohamed, pointing towards the seeming gash in the desert, became garrulous for once and remarked "Nefta."

So I had found my oasis!

The village, it is little more, is perched among rocks on the fringe of the fertile ground, which is too valuable to be used for building purposes. The water from the "source" gushes out of the sand a full grown stream, and is immediately canalized. As it passes through the length of the oasis it is caught and diverted into the various properties by small conduits. Every garden has its weekly allowance, and every kind of fruit and flower flourished here.

Victor Beveridge

THE SILHOUETTE OF NEFTA: On an eminence overlooking the Chott el Jerid in the S.E. corner of Southern Tunisia

# THE R.A. WINTER EXHIBITION

THE CAFÉ ROYAL, LONDON by SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, 1912
*Lent by the Musée National du Jeu de Paume, Paris*

PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER by H. H. LA THANGUE, 1890
*Lent by Alec Martin, Esq.*

SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN, 1928
*Lent by Sir G. Buchanan*

The winter exhibition of the Royal Academy consists of a selection of the works of fourteen recently deceased Academicians. The entire galleries are occupied by these works, the largest single exhibit being that devoted to the canvases of the late Sir William Orpen. The exhibition holds not only an aesthetic but also an historic value, ranging from the severe conventionalism of Dicksee through La Thangue to the more modernist school of Sims, Muirhead, and Lambert. The exhibition is worth visiting by reason of the unfamiliar examples that will meet the eye, and also for the unexpected strain of *bizarrerie* which even the most stolid painters exhibit from time to time

MOTHER AND CHILD by SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, 1930
*Lent by the Lord Ashfield*

THE HOUSE BUILDERS Portraits of Sir W. E. and the Hon. Lady Welby Gregory by SIR FRANK DICKSEE, 1880
*Lent by Sir C. G. E. Welby, Bt.*

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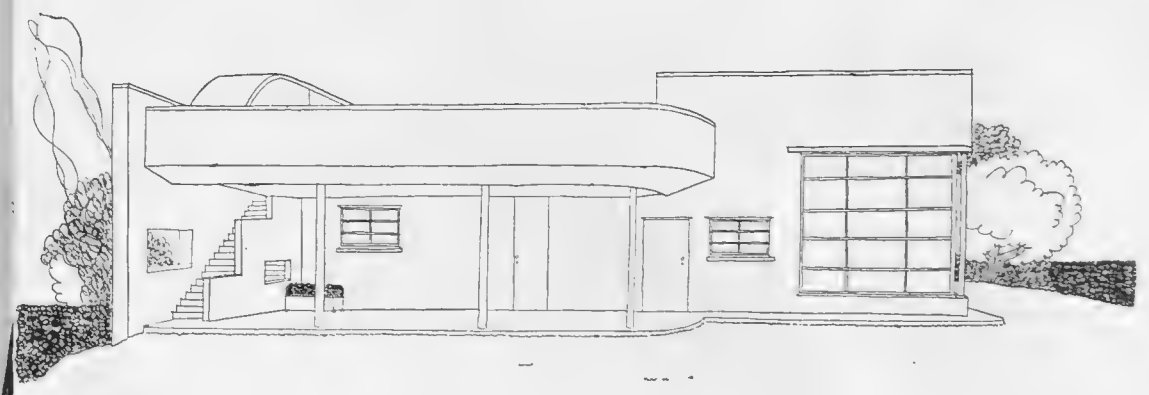

Drawn (right) is a view of the famous Oak Lane country day school, (left) the entrance to a country estate. Above: A foyer planned in conjunction with the living-room to which it forms an entrance. The carpet continues that of the living-room; shelves turn the corner, inviting one in. White and chartreuse walls, vanilla satin hangings, champagne and gold velvet upholstery and cushions of chartreuse taffetas combine in a subtle and effective colour scheme. Below: A cosy corner in the modern manner is shown against a polychromatic wall

## NEW ARCHITECTURE IN THE U.S.A.

**YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!** Mr. G. S. Gurr, an R.A.C. scout at Fair Mile, Cobham, Surrey, with a novel lighting-up time indicator which he has constructed

# PETROL WORLD

**By A. PERCY BRADLEY**

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")*

*INEFFICENT MUDGUARDING.*—Motor cars are an invention over thirty years old, and yet in some directions design has advanced very little from the early days. Let me take one point, namely, mudguarding. In the early times of tube ignition we sat high off the road and escaped much of the dust and dirt which flew about. To-day we have come much closer to the ground and we manage to keep ourselves clean, but not because the mudguards or wings on our cars shield us, but because we sit inside a closed body. Just before Christmas we had about ten days of rather peculiar weather, no rain but very heavy dews at night which saturated the roads, and for some extraordinary reason the more or less high prevailing wind never dried them up in the country. On more than one day I had my car washed, and after driving home some eight miles the body and the windows were covered in mud.

During this time I looked at all the cars in the garage in London, where I usually park mine, and I found that everyone, almost without exception, was disgustingly dirty. Surely this is not as it should be. Not only does a dirty car look unsightly, but when the mud is flung all over the chassis as well as the coachwork a certain amount of damage is occasioned, even when it is removed with the greatest skill and care. I can see no reason why a a really efficient mudguard for both front and back wheels should not be evolved, though, perhaps, I should qualify the statement somewhat. The mudguarding problem resolves itself into two parts, the first being the protection of the occupants and the car itself; secondly, the protection of other cars in close proximity, from the mud splashed up by the car in question. When I say that an efficient mudguard could be designed, I mean with respect to the first part of the problem because I cannot see how at the moment we can prevent neighbouring cars being splashed by other people's mud.

*ONE OF THE CLEANEST CARS.*—Of all the cars I have tried during the past two years a certain Daimler was the cleanest, and yet, strange to relate, it had comparatively small mudguards, which would tend to show that the size of the mud shield does not count for much. Until recently I was always of the opinion that a gutter or lip along the outside edge of a mud wing was in itself sufficient to prevent mud being splashed over the car, but my latest vehicle is very completely equipped in this direction and I am sorry to say that I would not call it a really clean car.

When one considers the immensely difficult problems connected with motor cars that have been solved by our designers and engineers, this one of cleanliness should certainly not beat them. A mudguard, to live up to its name, should protect the car to which it is fitted from all mud when the roads are wet. Not so long ago I happened to see at Brooklands a special Rolls-Royce built, I think, for an Indian prince, and I noticed on this car that the back wheels were almost completely covered in. Although the effect on the eye was not too pleasing, I think that these mudguards must have been efficient. I noticed that the cover which almost obscured the wheel from sight was fitted with a dummy hub cap and was quickly detachable from the mudguard proper, so that the inside could be readily cleaned and the wheel taken off should a puncture occur. In France at one time there was a minor craze for the tank type of body where the front wheels were almost completely enclosed. If we were to combine both these ideas we might take a step forward in the right direction, though according to present standards the resulting vehicle might not be pleasant to behold.

**AT THE GATES OF THE MANOR:** A 20-h.p. six-cylinder Golden Crossley outside the present Manor House of Great Milton, near Wallingford. The interior of this very attractive car is upholstered in real hide, and safety glass is used throughout

*A DOUBLE JOURNEY.*—Although the Monte Carlo Rally does not take place until towards the end of January, many of the competitors are well ahead with their preparations, and some are on the eve of setting out for starting points in remote parts of Europe. Actually, Mr. Rupert Riley, who is driving a 9-h.p. Overseas Riley tourer from Athens—the longest and most difficult route—has already left England. Last January was the first occasion on which any competitors from Athens reached Monte Carlo within the prescribed time limits, Mr. Riley being amongst those who were successful. Instead of going to Athens by sea, as he did for the 1932 event, Mr. Riley is now travelling there overland. He will follow the route of the rally from Strasbourg through Munich, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia, and Salonika to the Grecian capital, the distance from Coventry being some 4,000 kilometres. In effect, his car will have completed two rallies before it reaches Monte Carlo.

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## PALESTINE TO-DAY *(Continued from p. 43)*

but it is a reality. The forces making for dichotomy between the Arabs may prove to be stronger than the forces making for unity, but the urge towards unity is ever present and will not be denied. This very winter there is to be in Bagdad a huge Pan-Arab Conference, at which, without doubt, the desirability of including the Palestinian Arabs within an Arab Confederation will be emphasized.

Now the Arabs of Palestine, whether Muslim or Christian, see clearly the main obstacle to their partaking in such a consummation; it is, in their eyes, the Zionist complication in Palestine. And in their resistance to Zionist intentions they have the support of all Arabic-speaking peoples. In pressing on their demand for self-government, the Arabs of Palestine may be subscribing merely to a fetish of the present age, ignoring the lessons which those peoples who have had experience of self-government could teach them; but this demand will persist.

It is one thing, of course, for the Mandatory Power to withhold such a grant of autonomy in the Arabs' own interests; it is a far different thing for them to be convinced that the Zionist complication alone stands in the way of their following their less educated brethren in Iraq to the realm of independence. The possession of such a conviction inhibits a real understanding with the Zionists.

The relative happiness of Palestine in 1933 may, therefore, be a good starting point for Englishmen to probe afresh into the essentials of what is a capital Imperial problem.

Kenneth Williams

## THE PRINCE SEES IT THROUGH *(Continued from p. 40)*

It seems almost unfair to pick out individual cases which, under this new system of socialization, is swiftly and surely over-running Great Britain from Aberdeen to Tyneside and from Tyneside to Cardiff, from Cardiff to Birmingham down to the South Coast and back again to Wales.

New councils of Social Service already flourish in such differing places as Rotherham, Wigan, Folkestone, and Tunbridge Wells. It is a system of "self-help," the like of which has never before been seen.

In Newcastle the Housing Improvement Trust converted large houses into self-contained flats. Those flats now shelter 339 persons, nearly all of whom are unemployed. All over the country, without competing with men at work, the unemployed are being taught to better their own homes—to have homes worth living in, made by their own efforts. These efforts have required legal advice. And as the architects and the builders have given their knowledge and personal service, so the lawyers have surrendered their fees.

Everywhere, under different bodies, there have sprung up workrooms of every conceivable kind. The hands of mechanics and engineers grow unaccustomed to their crafts as the months of unemployment go by. There have been established workrooms where they can continue their craft and maintain their skill, until the opportunity of work returns.

In every case they build their own workrooms and, with materials supplied, build perhaps furniture for their own homes which they need. In one of these centres the men made—mostly out of packing cases—bed-tables for all the inmates of a local hospital. In many they produce toys for their own children and the children of others. Toys which the parents of those children could never afford to buy.

Then we come to boots. The men cannot go looking for work because their boots are "finished." Their children cannot go to school because their boots are out of repair. So centres have been set up where men can learn the art of boot-repairing and there mend their own footgear and the footgear of other families. In one town an "indignation" meeting was called to protest against this system. It was held that it was doing the local cobblers out of a job.

There were 600 people at that meeting, and it was asked that those who had been able to employ a cobbler during the previous twelve months should hold up their hands. Two hands were held up. That settled that.

Now in that case is illustrated and epitomized the whole principle of the scheme, as far as work is concerned. No work must be done which does anyone else out of a job.

And here we must take one swift glance at the educational and the recreational side. All over the country unemployed men are being taught physical training and boxing. It often happens that their instructors are themselves unemployed. Where unemployed instructors are unavailable, the sergeants-major of Territorial battalions have given their services. Apart from this, educational work everywhere goes on apace. Everywhere, through voluntary service, the unemployed are enabled to study such matters as the Rationalization of Industry and Finance, Biology, Psychology, and Astronomy.

Never was any such extraordinary effort made in any land. And if the Prince should gain all his objects, then there will spring up a new people—a people trained to rely upon their own efforts, to work out their own salvation.

And it is this which accounts for the otherwise inexplicable scenes of loyalty and almost delirious affection which greet the Prince when he goes upon his tours, whether on Tyneside, in Derbyshire, Birmingham, or Wales.

That his personal fascination would make for popular enthusiasm one cannot doubt. But it must be obvious that there is something even greater than this which has called forth the almost incredible demonstrations which have marked his path. Work-girls jamming in his car; young miners—many of them Communists—cheering him till they are hoarse; old women waiting in the rain in dripping shawls by the hour just to see him as he passes. And everywhere, even where one might expect dissension, not one word, not one murmur, of dissent.

Once the police warned him against going to a certain place. The Prince just laughed at them and went. He knew better than the police.

And how did he go—and how *does* he go?

Not beautifully dressed; not spick and span, but in pull-overs and mufflers and rough overcoats and stout shoes. He goes just like an "ordinary man." That is one of his great ambitions—to appear just like an "ordinary man."

On these occasions there are no ceremonies. He never sees a mayor; never attends a public lunch. He is just in and out of the poorest of poor houses, firing questions at top speed, chaffing, laughing—all with a deadly, deadly earnestness. Something's wrong, and he's going to put it right. That's what he feels. And it's because they realize his passionate sincerity that the people whom he visits rally to him as they do. Everywhere they're happier, everywhere they're better because they know that it is he who has thought for them and helped them.

When it comes to the point, those whom he visits realize that as far as he is concerned they are not "forgotten men." That is the only thing which can conceivably account for the reception he gets in those almost impossible places into which he dares to go. There is no opposition. "Even the ranks of Tuscany . . ."

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are very glad to report that an old *Arethusa* boy was included in the New Year's Honours List, being awarded the M.B.E. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations so that the Society's great work of training such boys as this may be carried on. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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# THE SPHERE'S
# REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

| | |
|---|---|
| Aberdeen | The Caledonian Hotel |
| Aberystwyth | Hotel Victoria |
| Do. | Lion Royal Hotel |
| Do. | "Deva" Private Hotel |
| Alawick | White Swan Hotel |
| Alton | Swan Hotel |
| Anglesey | Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay |
| Ashford | Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel |
| Aylesbury | Crown Hotel |
| Banbury | White Lion Hotel |
| Bangor (N. Wales) | Castle Hotel |
| Bangor (Co. Down) | Royal Hotel |
| Barmouth | Marine Hotel |
| Barnstaple | Waverley Hotel |
| Barrow-in-Furness | Furness Abbey Hotel |
| Bath | Bath Spa Hotel |
| Do. | Grand Pump Room Hotel |
| Do. | Empire Hotel |
| Bembridge, I.O.W. | Birdham Hotel |
| Bettws-y-Coed | Waterloo Hotel |
| Bexley, Kent | The Rising Sun Inn |
| Blackpool | Empire Private Hotel |
| Do. | Imperial Hotel |
| Do. | Hotel Metropole |
| Blairgowrie | Sharpe's Temperance Hotel |
| Blandford, Dorset | Crown Hotel |
| Bognor Regis | Walton House, Walton Avenue |
| Do. | Gresham Hotel |
| Do. | Arlington Private Hotel |
| Boroughbridge | Three Arrows Hotel |
| Bournemouth | Branksome Tower Hotel |
| Do. | Branksome Dene Hotel |
| Do. | Boscombe Dene |
| Do. | Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff |
| Do. | Carlton Hotel |
| Do. | Cotford Hall Private Hotel |
| Do. | Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff |
| Do. | The Haven Hotel |
| Do. | Hotel Walmer |
| Do. | The Imperial Hotel |
| Do. | Marina House Private Hotel |
| Do. | Mandurah Private Hotel |
| Do. | Osborne Priory Hotel |
| Do. | Westminster Hall Hotel |
| Bowness-on-Windermere | Rigg's Crown Hotel |
| Box Hill | Burford Bridge Hotel |
| Bradford-on-Avon | Old Court Hotel |
| Bridge of Allan | Allan Water Hotel |
| Brighton | Belvidere Mansions Hotel |
| Do. | Hollywood Hotel |
| Broadway | Lygon Arms Hotel |
| Bromley Hill, Kent | Bromley Hill Court Hotel |
| Brora | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Sutherland Arms Hotel |
| Budleigh Salterton | Rosemullion Hotel |
| Buxton | The Bedford Hotel |
| Do. | The Old Hall Hotel |
| Carrigart (Co. Donegal) | The Rosapenna Hotel |
| Catterick | The Bridge House Hotel |
| Chagford | Moor Park Hotel |
| Cheddar | Cliff Hotel |
| Cheltenham | Ellenborough Hotel |
| Do. | Plough Hotel |
| Do. | Pyatt's Hotel |
| Chester | Queen's Hotel |
| Cirencester | King's Head Hotel |
| Do. | Wellesley House Hotel |
| Cliftonville | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Grosvenor Court Hotel |
| Do. | Kingscliffe Hotel |
| Cork | Imperial Hotel |
| Criccieth | Caerwylan Private Hotel |
| Do. | Lion Hotel |
| Cromer | The Grand Hotel |
| Cromford, Matlock | Greyhound Hotel |
| Dalkey (Co. Dublin) | Cliff Castle Hotel |
| Dawlish | Sefton Hotel |
| Derby | Friary Hotel |
| Do. | Midland Hotel |
| Dornoch | Sutherland Arms Hotel |
| Droitwich Spa | Impney Hotel |
| Do. | Raven Hotel |
| Dublin | Central Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Hibernian Hotel |
| Do. | Shelbourne Hotel |
| Dumfries | County Hotel |
| Dundee | Mather's Hotel |
| Dunkeld | Birnam Hotel |
| Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) | Ross's Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Marine Hotel |
| Eastbourne | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Southdown Hotel |
| Do. | The Chatsworth Hotel |
| Do. | York House Hotel |
| Edinburgh | Caledonian Hotel |
| Do. | Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel |
| Do. | Roxburghe Hotel |
| Do. | Royal British Hotel |
| Elie | Marine Hotel |
| Falmouth | Falmouth Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Hotel |
| Folkestone | Grand Hotel |
| Fowey | Fowey Hotel |
| Do. | St. Catherine's Hotel |
| Glasgow | Central Hotel |
| Do. | George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street |
| Do. | St. Enoch Hotel |
| Gleneagles | Gleneagles Hotel |
| Glengarriff (Cork) | Golf Links Hotel |
| Gloucester | Woodchester, nr. Stroud |
| Do. | New Inn Hotel |
| Do. | Wellington Hotel |
| Do. | Spread Eagle |
| Goathland | Goathland Hydro Hotel |
| Golspie | Sutherland Arms Hotel |
| Gorleston-on-Sea | The Pier Hotel |
| Greenock | Tontive Hotel |
| Gt. Malvern | Hardwicke Hotel |
| Greystones (Co. Wicklow) | Grand Hotel |
| Guernsey | Richmond Hotel |
| Guildford | Shalford Park Hotel |
| Gullane | Bisset's Hotel |
| Halifax | White Swan Hotel |
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| Do. | Grand Hotel |
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| Do. | Wellington Hotel |
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| Hastings | Queen's Hotel |
| Heathfield | Heathfield Hotel |
| Henley-on-Thames | Imperial Hotel |
| Hereford | Green Dragon Hotel |
| Hindhead | Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel |
| Horns Cross | Hoops Inn |
| Hove | Courtlands Hotel |
| Do. | St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel |
| Hull | White House Hotel |
| Do. | Grosvenor Hotel |
| Do. | Imperial Hotel |
| Hythe | Sutherland House Hotel |
| Ilfracombe | Crescent Hotel |
| Instow (N. Devon) | Instow Private Hotel |
| Inverness | Station Hotel |
| Kenilworth | Arden House Hotel |
| Keswick | County Hotel |
| Do. | Keswick Hotel |
| Do. | The Borrowdale Hotel |
| Do. | Skiddaw Hotel |
| Do. | Queen's Hotel |
| Do. | Royal Oak Hotel |
| Kew Gardens | Cumberland House Private Hotel |
| Kingstown (Co. Dublin) | Ross's Hotel |
| Kingussie | Star Hotel |
| Kyle of Lochalsh | Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve |
| Leamington Spa | Alkerton House Private Hotel |
| Do. | Crown Hotel |
| Do. | Maisonette Private Hotel |
| Leeds | Queen's Hotel |
| Leeming Lane | Newton House Hotel |
| Letchworth | The People's House |
| Lincoln | Grand Hotel |
| Littlehampton | Southlands Hotel |
| Liverpool | Adelphi Hotel |
| Do. | Exchange Hotel |
| Do. | North Western Hotel |
| Llandudno | Empire Hotel |
| Do. | Imperial Hotel |
| Loch Awe, Argyllshire | Loch Awe Hotel |
| London | Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1 |
| Do. | Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2 |
| Do. | Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7 |
| Do. | Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2 |
| Do. | Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2 |
| Do. | Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5 |
| Do. | Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1 |
| Do. | Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1 |
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| Newnham-on-Severn | Victoria Hotel |
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| Northampton | Stag's Head Hotel |
| Nottingham | The County Hotel |
| Do. | The George Hotel |
| Oban | Great Western Hotel |
| Do. | Station Hotel |
| Oxford | Randolph Hotel |
| Paignton | Paignton Palace Hotel |
| Do. | Paignton Hydro |
| Do. | Redcliffe Hotel |
| Penmaenmawr | Grand Hotel |
| Penrith | Ullswater Hotel |
| Perth | Station Hotel |
| Petersfield | Fern Bank Private Hotel |
| Portheawl | Esplanade Hotel |
| Do. | Seabank Hotel |
| Ramsey, I.O.M. | Hotel Britannia |
| Reeth, Richmond | Arkleside Private Hotel |
| Richmond (Surrey) | Richmond Hill Hotel |
| Richmond (Yorks) | The King's Head Hotel |
| Ripon | Unicorn Hotel |
| Rostrevor (Co. Down) | Great Northern Hotel |
| Rumbling Bridge | Rumbling Bridge Hotel |
| St. Andrews | Atholl Hotel |
| St. Anne's-on-Sea | Grand Hotel |
| St. Ives | Tregenna Castle Hotel |
| St. Leonards-on-Sea | Alexandra Hotel |
| Do. | Eversfield Hotel |
| St. Neots | Bridge Hotel |
| St. Neots | New Inn Hotel |
| Salisbury | Angel Hotel |
| Do. | Old George Hotel |
| Do. | The White Hart Hotel |
| Sandown, I.W. | Royal Cliff Hotel |
| Scarborough | Manor Private Hotel |
| Do. | Pavilion Hotel |
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| Seaton | Royal Clarence Hotel |
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| Do. | Thurlestone Hotel |
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| Torquay | Allerdale Hotel |
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| Do. | Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe |
| Do. | Grand Hotel |
| Do. | Haldon Manor Hotel |
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| Do. | Links Htl, Babbacombe |
| Do. | Livermead Cliff Hotel |
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| Do. | Palace Hotel |
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| Do. | Roslin Hall Hotel |
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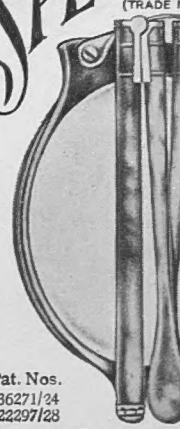

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